

their own homes led me to study spiritualism. I will briefly state some of my experience.

I was standing in the hall of a large building in Chicago with a medium, an absolute stranger to me. He remarked: "You somewhere either over a store or a bank officiated at the funeral of a little black-eyed girl." I had done so a few months before, over a bank in a village in Colorado. The medium claimed to be clairvoyant and to see the little girl holding a wreath of flowers for me.

A medium in Denver described to me very minutely a deceased lady relative of mine whom I had only seen twice and in her childhood and girlhood. The description included peculiarities of form and face, color of hair, eyes, and of the clothing she had worn. I knew nothing whatever of these details, but learned afterward that the description was very correct. I am completely colorblind, having never perceived any color whatever.

In their home on an aristocratic avenue in Boston, I was in conversation with a first-class physician and his wife who was a medium. They jointly informed me that they had had many materializations in their own home, that they frequently occurred unsought, and became such a nuisance that they had to be discouraged.

In Cherokee, Iowa, a gentleman and his wife informed me that after their daughter died, they could get no comfort from minister nor professional medium, that they then set apart a room in their own house in which to receive communications, that their circle was composed of only members of their own family and a few intimate friends, and that they were abundantly blessed with varied manifestations, including the frequent materialization of their daughter.

My consciousness and whole being has been filled almost to suffocation with the unmistakable presence of a dear friend some months deceased, who had promised me to return if possible.

On a still summer morning, in an upper room, in my own house, on the paper curtain of the window near me, I have heard a series of loud raps repeated as if for recognition. I was sole occupant of the house, and had been for nearly forty-eight hours.

These are facts. And I feel it my duty to give them publicity.

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A PAGAN NUN.

As Christianity has its nuns so the pagans had their virgin priestesses whose sanctity was both greatly admired and highly respected by the people of all classes. Among the Homeric hymns is preserved a touching prayer of such a nun of pagan antiquity, and we translate these lines as follows:

"Chaste goddess, hear me that invoke thine ear,
O thou who nourishest the growing year!
Grant that thy maid her troth to no one plight
And scorn all love, yet always take delight
In converse with the thoughtful grayhaired sage
Who past his prime has sobered down by age."